

A Very Fine Letter

C. Elmer Barrett, Missionary, Writes Most Interestingly of a Trip Down the Rhine.

DARMSTADT, Germany, Dec. 2, 1906.—EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—I am herewith sending you a partial account of my trip from here to Cologne which I made last month. Time will permit me to only give an account of the trip as far as Loreley. In my next letter I will take your readers further down the historic Rhine. I am well and enjoying my laborers here immensely. I can truly say that THE REPUBLICAN is a welcome visitor in the far off land.

With best regards to THE REPUBLICAN and all my friends and college chums I am, Yours for success,
C. ELMER BARRETT.

Darmstadt, 15th, Muhl Str. 20 Germany.

Leaving Darmstadt, the city in which I am now working, we soon find ourselves being carried rapidly over a more or less wooded country towards the city of Mainz or as the English prefer to call it, Mayence, at which point we are to follow the Rhine. During the first part of the stretch from Darmstadt to Mayence the scenery is quite monotonous, but as we approach the latter town, there is more activity and we see factories and other evidence of a prosperous and healthy trade. Here we see train load after train load of sugar beets being drawn to factories not far distant.

We soon arrive at Mayence, a city of about 90,000 inhabitants. It is very strongly fortified and is the seat of a bishop of the Catholic church. It is very pleasantly situated on the left bank of the Rhine opposite and below the influx of the Main River. Mayence is one of the headquarters of the trade in wine, and now manufactures large quantities of the sparkling wine; it is also well known for its leather goods and artistic furniture. Leaving Mayence we begin our trip down the beautiful and historic Rhine valley. The scenery along the Rhine is almost ideal, the lofty banks and the ancient river come so close together that they squeeze the little villages on the water's edge into a single row of houses which winds wormlike between the towering hills and the rippling Rhine. Above these little strings of human habitations, rising terrace above terrace are the trellises of grape vines, at this time of the year bending low under the weight of their luscious fruit. Here and there in marked contrast to the quiet peace of the grape vines resting snugly on nature's virgin soil are frowning castles and rugged ruins of towers and palaces lingering in the last stages of decay but not oblivion.

National Monument.

One of the first objects to attract our attention as we go down the river, other than the natural beauties of the scenery is the National Monument, to commemorate the unanimous uprising of the German people and the formation of the new German Empire in 1870-71. It stands upon a spur of the skirting hills, 740 feet above the Rhine, round which the stream makes a broad curve, and is conspicuous far up and down the river. It was begun in 1877 from the designs of Johannes Schilling and was inaugurated with pompous ceremony in 1883. The huge base is 82 feet high, while on this the noble figure of "Germania" with the imperial crown and laurel-wreathed sword, an emblem of the unity and strength of the German Empire, rises 34 feet. To the right and the left and below stand the allegorical figures of Peace and War. The total cost of this magnificent monument amounted to over 1,100,000 marks (\$275,000).

On the opposite side of the river lies Bingen, a small town in which are situated several technical and industrial schools. It causes quite an extensive shipping trade with the ports of the Rhine.

Interesting Tradition.

Below Bingen and out in the midst of the river, on a quartz rock, is situated the "Mausesturm" (Mouse Tower) which is popularly said to derive its name from the well known legend of the cruel Archbishop Hatto of Mayence. Having caused a number of poor people whom he compared to mice bent on devouring his coin, to be burned in a basin during a famine, he was attacked by mice and rats who tormented him day and night. He fled to this castle in the Rhine and thought himself safe but his pursuers swam the river and, as the story goes, they have whetted their teeth against the stones. And now they pick the Bishop's bones.

One From Reese.

The following from W. G. Reese, written on board the S. S. Ventura, "at sea", November 24, will no doubt prove of interest to many more than his friends:

EDITOR REPUBLICAN.—No doubt Columbus, the Cabots, Magellan, Capt. Cook and many other old navigators strained their eyes more than we are straining ours this morning to see land but I assure you we are all very anxious, after nearly a month's ride on the Ventura, to reach our destination, which we expect to do about noon today and would do so before but one of the ship's engines is out of condition and we are only going at half speed.

Yesterday was rather a rough day and a heavy sea and many on board were sea-sick, but this morning the sea is smooth and the sun is shining brightly, so all seemed able to dispose of their allowance at the breakfast table.

With very little exception we have had a very pleasant voyage; the company have been agreeable; the fare has been fair; waiters have been attentive; the officers have been considerate; and the weather, according to the statement of the second mate, has been as good as this ship has ever experienced in her six years of service.

On Sunday night our ship sailed into Auckland harbor. The doctors came on board, all passed muster, and our ship was anchored for the night. Early Monday morning the anchor was raised and we sailed up to the wharf where we were made fast until 7 a.m. Tuesday. While in Auckland three of the elders laboring there did all they could to make our stay pleasant and profitable. We were taken to the finely located park, made beautiful by trees, shrubs, flowers, drives, walks and statues. As it is now spring there, several hands were busy setting out additional flower beds, and doing their best to make this one of the world's prettiest little parks.

While the limbs, tired from climbing the hill, are being rested, the eyes are employed in traveling around the pretty city and out on the harbor and farther again onto the ocean with its ships, schooners, fishing smacks, etc. We visited the museum, the reading room, the art gallery, and other places of interest and felt that we had spent a profitable day, and often wished we had our friends with us.

Land is now in sight so I must say good-bye and go and feast my eyes on terra-firma.

With kindest regards to all my friends. I remain yours very truly,
W. G. REESE.

Castles and Castles.

Soon after passing the city of Lorch, a short distance down the river, we came upon two old castles on opposite sides of the river, those of Furstenburg and Nollach, the latter being the most interesting of the two. It stands upon a rocky eminence nearly 600 feet above the river. On one side of the castle the cliff rises almost as a precipice and is known as the "Devil's Ladder" on account of its boldness and the conspicuousness of the strata which are nearly horizontal.

There is a legend in the stories of the Rhine that this cliff was once scaled by a knight of Lorch, on horseback, with the assistance of some mountain spirits, and thus did the required act of bravery in order to win the hand of his lady love.

A short distance below this stands the once famous and strongly fortified castle of Stahleeh, the extensive ruins of which extend down to the valley. The castle was taken eight different times by the French during the Franco-German war and finally destroyed by them.

Not far below this castle we see the "Pfals," a well-preserved hexagonal building on a ledge of rock in the middle of the river. It has a tower covered with an unsightly roof, has numerous loop holes, turrets and projecting corners in every direction, and only one entrance, a small door about six feet above the rock.

It was at this point early on New Year's morning 1814, when a Russian corps under York and a division of Russian troops affected the passage of the Rhine under the direction of the famous general, Blucher.

A short distance further and we pass the town of Caub. Behind the town the pretty square tower of the castle Gutenfels is noticed, while not far below stands the picturesque old ruin of Shonberg, erected in the 12th century. This castle is now owned by two American gentlemen in New York City.

Seven Virgins.

Just below this castle, out in the river, rise seven crags, known as the "Seven Virgins." It is said that these were once seven fair maidens of Schanberg but who were condemned to this state by the river gods because of their sorcery.

We now see one of the prettiest natural scenes of the Rhine, that of Loreley. The imposing rocks of the Loreley rise almost a precipice 430 feet above the river and are extremely rugged and bold, giving a quaint grandeur to the scene. The well-known old song "Loreley" is a tale of a witch who once resided in these rocks and by her sweet singing enticed many fishermen to destruction on the rocks at the base of the cliff.

Nearly every foot of the Rhine and its surrounding hills has a tale to tell, either of history or mythology or has a reminiscence of some hero to state.

There are legends attached to almost every ruin or rock along the stream. They are so charming that we are compelled to listen. Indeed, we cannot but be benefited by a trip down the Rhine. It is instructive and broadening as well as a source of constant pleasure.

Cured Paralysis.

W. F. Bailey, P. O. True, Texas, writes: "My wife had been suffering five years with paralysis in her arm, when I was persuaded to use Ballard's Snow Liniment, which cured her all right. I have also used it for old sores, frostbites and skin eruptions. It does the work. Sold by Riter Bros. Drug Co."

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